Sunday School Advocate

J. D. FELTER - ENG.

VOLUME XXXIX.—NUMBER 3. NOVEMBER 8, 1879. WHOLE NUMBER 955.

Winding Yarn.

BY M. V. M.

HOLD the skein with careful hand;
  Not too loose, my dear;
Loosely held it falls apart,
  Tangles soon appear.
This is like the skein of life:
  We must hold it fast,
Else 'twill tangle in our hands,
  Cause us grief at last.

Not too tight, my little maid,
  For so great a strain,
Threads will break or draw apart;
  That will cause you pain.
You will always find it true,
  In your work or play,
That to yield in little things
  Is the better way.

Hold it with an even grasp,
  Never let it fall;
One looks on from heaven above,
  Watching over all;
Helps and holds our trembling hands,
  Till our task is done,
Gathers all our threads of life
  Safely into one!

"That Kind of a Fellow."

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

NAT and Russel were chums. They attended the same school, enjoyed the same sports, and were very happy in each other's society. Nat was fond of books, and felt a pride in having perfect lessons, and if it hadn't been for arithmetic and grammar he would have had fewer failures than any other boy in his class.

Russel, however, was so accustomed to taking home imperfect notes that he attached no disgrace to them, and, apparently, made no effort to diminish their number. He usually laughed, as did the rest of the boys, whenever the teacher handed him one at the close of the week, and put it carefully in his pocket without a blush of shame or annoyance. He was not by any means a dull boy, but his mind was not always on his lessons, and his indifference to failures made failures very easy.

The other afternoon the two boys took a notion to stroll through Central Park, and after amusing themselves in various ways down by the Lake and up through the Ramble, as dusk came on they turned their faces homeward.

Suddenly, Russel made a full stop, and overhauling each one of his pockets, exclaimed,

"Nat, I've lost my school note!"

Then he made another search, assisted by Nat, who walked back several yards, hoping to find the missing "war dispatch," as the boys called them, lying somewhere in the road.

"Well, you're a witness, Nat," said Russel, as he buttoned up his coat after a most thorough exploration, "that I'm honest about it, and no make-believe!"

His companion was sure of that, and ready to appear at any time to give in his testimony.

They had not proceeded much farther when they were accosted by a boy much larger and older than themselves, who had with him a splendid Newfoundland dog.

"Have either of you lost any thing?" inquired the young man.

Both boys felt that their watches, porte-monnaies, and other trinkets were safe, and said "no" as quickly as they could.

"Isn't this yours?" he asked, handing a slip of paper to Russel, who looked at the young man, the dog, and Nat before he could make any answer.

"Why, it's my school note!" said Russel. "If that isn't queer!" and then they all laughed, even the dog wagging his tail as if he thought it was a pretty good joke.

"But see here," said Russel, as the party began to separate, "I'd like to know how you came to think that that note belonged to me."

"O," said the young man, smiling rather comically, "I thought you were *that kind of a fellow!*"

The two boys walked home in rather a thoughtful mood, and to this day have not been able to decide whether the dog had any thing to do with restoring the note to its owner, or if it was a fact that the poor scholar could be so easily detected and pointed out as "that kind of a fellow."

The incident was not without its influence upon Nat and Russel, who determined to be more attentive and studious than they had been heretofore, that they might obtain a good standing in school, and a reputation for intelligence and industry out of it.

If any mischief has been done, and a search is made for the guilty one, isn't it mortifying to be pointed at as "that kind of a fellow?"

But if high and noble deeds have been accomplished, or unobtrusive acts of charity performed, how sweet it is to be known and recognized, by our daily walk and conversation, as "that kind of a fellow!"

A Single Leaf.

THERE was once a caravan crossing to the north of India, and numbering in its company a devoted missionary. As it passed along, a poor man was overcome by the heat and labors of the journey, and, sinking down, was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him, and, kneeling down at his side when the rest had passed along, whispered into his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with great effort succeeded in answering, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," and immediately expired with the effort. The missionary was greatly

astonished at the answer. "How or why," he thought, "could this man, seemingly a heathen, have got this hope?" and as he thought of it, he observed a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the corpse, which he succeeded in getting out. What do you suppose was his delight when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the first epistle of John, in which these words occur? On that page the man had found his Gospel.

Wonders of a Worm.

TAKE up the common ground-worm, as it wriggles across your morning path after a midnight thunder shower. As it tries to crawl off the palm of your hand, you experience a sensation of roughness on your skin.

If you take a pocket lens, and examine carefully the underside of the worm's body, you will perceive several rows of fine, sharp hooks, extending from one end to the other, each annulated division (for the worm's body is, as you doubtless know, composed of rings) being furnished with four pairs of these hooks, which are situated upon small protuberances on the creature's skin. These minute hooks cause the rough sensation alluded to; and that portion of the body on which they are placed corresponds to the abdomen of the higher animals, the hooks themselves being nothing more or less than rudimentary feet, to aid the worm in its progress.

It has, perhaps, never occurred to you to inquire how it is, when you endeavor to draw a worm from the earth, that it can offer such resistance to your efforts as almost to necessitate your breaking it in two before you can extract it; and why, as soon as you relax your hold, it disappears with such rapidity under the soil. These hooks are the cause; and they are retractile at the will of the animal, and operate so as not to impede its onward progress; but when a portion of its body is once extended, and has penetrated into the soil, they keep it firmly fixed, while the remaining parts are drawn after it by muscular contraction.

How a Soldier Escaped.

A GERMAN cavalry soldier and his horse were captured in the fight at La Bourget, and taken off with other prisoners. Three days after the fight they halted for the night in a village. The poor fellow was sitting near the window, thinking how he might escape, while his noisy captors sat round the fireplace drinking their wine. Suddenly he hears in the streets the neighing of a horse. He guesses that it is his brave steed, that had broken loose from a shed where she had been placed, and is in search of her master. One of the broken panes of the window had been mended with paper. Boring with his finger a hole in it, he lays his mouth to the opening, calling cautiously and coaxingly, "Lizzie, Lizzie!" A joyous neigh is the reply, and Lizzie is close to the window. Then with a sudden dash he breaks open the crazy casement, and before the tipplers know what is the matter he is outside, and on the bare back of his faithful mare. It seemed as if the mare knew that the life of her master was at stake; for she started off like a whirlwind; and yet she is not urged on by spur or bridle; for the captors have taken the boots of the rider, and the bridle is hanging by the saddle in the shed. Shots are fired after them, and bullets fly past their ears, but do not harm them. The huzzar does not know the way, but Lizzie remembers it; and, after thirty-five hours, both arrive at the outposts of La Bourget, happy to be again among their comrades.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

NEVER do any thing when you are alone that you know would displease your parents if they were present.

A Pretense Discovered.

A YOUNG man belonging to the government of Rezan in Russia, having been drawn in the conscription, feigned deafness when he came up to undergo examination, hoping thus to escape service in the army. But the doctor, suspecting that the affliction was not of long standing, resolved to test the fellow's organ of hearing, and put the matter beyond a doubt.

Coming close up to him, while some other peasants were answering official questions, and attention had been withdrawn from the deaf youth, the doctor whispered very softly and confidentially in his ear:

"It's all right now; you're safe enough; you can go home."

The young man, thrown entirely off his guard, forgot his assumed deafness, nodded knowingly to the doctor, to show that he quite understood, and was quietly taking himself off, when he was stopped and brought back, and informed that there was no reason whatever why a deafness so curable as his should interfere with the duty he owed to his country and his emperor.

Every Sunday:

LESSON HELPS ON THE BEREAN LESSONS.

Lesson for November 16.

The Love of the Father; or, Christ Revealing God's Love. 1 John 4. 7–16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We love him, because he first loved us. 1 John 4. 19.

HOME READINGS.

M. The love of the Father. 1 John 4. 7-16.
Tu. Creating love. Psa. 8. 1–9.
W. Preserving love. Psa. 23. 1–6.
Th. Unfailing love. Isa. 43. 1–13.
F. Redeeming love. John 3. 1–17.
S. Sanctifying love. John 17. 17–26.
S. Everlasting love. Jer. 31. 1–14.

THE GREAT WORD.

LIBERTY. The first great blessing which comes of love is freedom from sin. Hatred is slavery, and if we have so sinned against God as that his wrath is upon us, then are we miserable criminals, bound and doomed to chains and darkness forever; but the love of God which is manifest toward us takes away the sin, so breaks the chains, and opens the prison door of our dungeon. Carefully read John 8. 36. Have you liberty from sin by love?

OBEDIENCE. It is hard to obey the commands of our fathers and mothers if we do not love them; but there can be no duty so hard to do that it is not at once easy when we love him or her who commands it. So the duties which we owe to God are hard to do in this world of temptation and lust, until we are full of this spirit of love, and then it is a delight to do the will of God. Read prayerfully Christ's statement in John 14. 15. Are you glad to obey God's will?

VICTORY. The commands of any authority sometimes require that we should come into severe conflict. The true lover of his country must be ready to fight for his country, and will often have to do so. The lover of truth must defend the truth sometimes at great risks. We cannot therefore be the obedient servants of God without coming into many a conflict with his enemies. But where he is for us, none can be against us, and victory is sure to us if we have him on our side. His love for us when we answer it with our love keeps him always on our side. Believingly read Romans 8. 37. Do you have victory by his grace?

ETERNAL LIFE. After our conflicts are passed, the truth saves us and gives us the rewards of our faith. A good mother, for whom, in glad obedience, we give our strength, will not forget us in our need; neither will our Father in heaven, who has given us freedom, and accepted the obedient service of our lives, and who has been on our side to make us conquerors in conflict, forsake us in the last great conflict with the enemy; but when death has done his worst, than we only know fully how great is the reward of love to them who have love. Joyfully read Jude 11. Have you hope of eternal life through Christ Jesus?

NOTES ON THE OUTLINE.

1. HIS LOVE. This wondrous power of true love is of God, for every one that .... is born of ...., and knoweth ..... Therefore the counsel, "Let us love one .... He that loveth not knoweth not ....." Study Exod. 34. 6. God does not ask us to prove our love without having first proved his. In this was .... the love of God toward ...., because that God sent his only begotten .... into the world, and even died for us when we were sinners and hated him. How gladly then ought we to be willing to love even our enemies. Let us never forget when we are wickedly demanding that others should love us, before we are willing to love them, that God first loved us. And we see in this large word "propitiation," the Saviour hanging upon the cross in proof of his love, that we might understand that God was willing to love us if we would come to him. Let us believe, and thus receive this great love.

2. OUR LOVE. We must love both .... and ...., because we owe to him all we have, and we owe to them what he gives to us, and this is the fullness of the meaning of Christ's commandment about love. Study that wonderful law that he gives in Matthew 22. 37–39. We cannot see God with our physical eyes, but if we open our hearts to his love, then he dwelleth in us, and that is better; but we must give proof of this indwelling by having his .... in us, and showing it in our lives. We make this proof in several ways. We study to know more about him; we confess him before men; we are eager to prove our love to him and our love to men by deeds of love. Then shall we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we *love*.

PERSONAL QUESTIONS.

1. Do I know the love of God by personal experience?

2. Do I prove the love of God by obeying his commandments?

Sunday-School Advocate.

NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

J. H. VINCENT, Editor.
J. M. FREEMAN, Assistant Editor.

The Healing Fountain.

THERE are some springs that are full of healing. Sick people come to them, and bathe again and again, and go away healed. We once knew of a man who hobbled on crutches to one of these famous springs, and, after staying a few weeks and bathing every day, he walked away as well as any one. It must be a great delight to a sick man to know that, if he can get to a spring of this sort, he can be cured. And after he has bathed and comes away cured, his heart must be full of joy.

The soul is diseased by sin, and needs a cure. The only cure for sin is Christ, and therefore Christ is called a fountain, and it is said that the blood he shed cleanses the soul from sin. Many a poor, sin-sick soul has tried this and has rejoiced in the cure. There is no fountain in the world equal to this. The healing springs that bubble from the earth cure the body, but they cannot take away sin. Christ does what these cannot do. He cleanses the soul.

A sick man who has been cured loves to tell others of his cure. He wants every body to know how it was done, that all the sick people may try for themselves. So those who have come to Jesus and have had their sins washed away love to tell the story to others. They try to bring as many as they can to Christ who alone can save.

Let us be very thankful for One who is both able and willing to save the soul from sin.

Safety in Full Surrender.

BY REV. W. F. MALLALIEU, D.D.

MY and mine are words which are of deepest meaning. They measure to a great extent the value of persons and things. When we come to think of giving all for Jesus, we see at once, that the little word ALL takes in every thing, and every person we ever call my or mine. No wonder, then, that thoughtful persons sometimes hesitate when they are brought face to face with the great duty of a full surrender. It is no discredit to any one to halt in the presence of such an all-embracing claim. Serious, sober consideration of this claim is just what will distinguish the character of any sincere person who is determined to act wisely and intelligently. Frivolity has no place in any right-thinking mind when the greatest possible interests are at stake. God, in his own word, says, "Come now, and let us reason together," and it is his wish and desire that we should enter his service with such a full persuasion of the wisdom of so doing, that we never shall have occasion to reproach ourselves with having acted contrary to our highest interests and best welfare.

When the good and great Abraham Lincoln met the representatives of the rebel States on the steamer's deck, in the James River, to see what arrangements could be made to settle existing difficulties, he quietly but firmly told them that there was only one course open, and that was for the enemies of the Government to lay down their arms and return to their allegiance, and then every thing could be settled and peace restored. He simply demanded a full surrender, and we all know that with such a kind-hearted man as was the Chief Executive of the nation there would have been the utmost safety in the full surrender which he required as the condition of peace. But surely we must see, that when the two parties at variance are the poor helpless sinner and the great and holy God, the only course of safety is for the sinner to make a full surrender and throw himself upon the mercy of the Almighty.

This is true from the very nature of God, that if we do thus fully surrender he will never require us to be any thing, or do any thing, or suffer any thing, which will not be for our highest good and his greatest glory. Our whole life is made up of being, doing, and suffering, and this covers all our relations to God and man, and all our personal concerns of whatever character. If, then, we make a full surrender to God, we may be sure of this, that we shall never be permitted to suffer in any respect unless by so doing our welfare is promoted and God's glory advanced. No matter what trials, or crosses, or losses, or pains, or afflictions we are called to endure, we shall find "that all things work together for good to them that love God." Even in the darkest hour, the most deeply afflicted and the weariest may say,

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone:
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies."

And surely we can be content to let God guide us in all our doings. He loves us so well, and his wisdom is so great, and his power is so infinitely superior to our weakness, that he will not fail to lead our steps aright. Whatever he bids us to do we may know without a shadow of doubt will certainly be for our present and eternal advantage. It may require that we shall walk in the darkness simply holding upon his hand, or we may be required to toil where the soil is hardest, or where the thorns and briers are the roughest and the tallest; but with his presence,

"Labor is rest and pain is sweet,"

and any service will be a joy and a delight.

And then we are positive that the will of God, as far as our inward being is concerned, anticipates our deliverance from all sin, anticipates our purity, our holiness, and the indwelling of the Spirit, so that in all things we shall become like Jesus. It ought ever to be the desire of every truly-penitent soul to realize these precious inward experiences. There must be a willingness to suffer, and do, and be, all that God in his infinite wisdom requires. This implies a full surrender, and in such surrender there is perfect safety, elsewhere destruction threatens us every hour. Let the seeking soul give all for Jesus and surrender all to God.

The First Wrong Step.

JOSEPH NELSON, a fine lad of seventeen, left school to enter a store, or find employment of some kind. Though bright and intelligent, he was somewhat willful and conceited, and although urged not to accept a position as bartender, for fear he might be led astray, he laughed at his kind advisers, fancied himself strong to resist, and so he took up his position behind the bar to deal out liquor to others.

Among other work appointed to Joe was the going down cellar to draw ale and beer for their numerous customers. Now, lager beer, he had been assured, could not hurt any one. "It only helped one to grow fat and jolly." At first he took merely a glass or two to please a friend, but finally, as he acquired a stronger taste for it, he would slip down to the casks several times a day, and, with a little soda and a couple of mugs, draw some beer, which he took eager delight in dashing from mug to mug, and then hastily drinking before the foam all escaped.

"'Most nothing but foam," he would say, smacking his lips, "it can't hurt any body."

His bloated form and coarse face, though, soon told a different story, and it was not long ere he took to still stronger drinks, and then, from the first wrong step, how rapid was the descent, until, with a crushed, broken heart, his mother was called upon to help lay him in a dishonored grave.

Think of this poor deluded youth, and shun the first step that may lead you also far astray. Remember, "Wine is a mocker," and though it seems sparkling and bright, it will, like the Evil One, delude you to your own destruction. It has been asserted by one familiar with the fact, that the hardest drinker he ever knew began on cider when only five years old. At this early age the child would go to the barrel of cider in the cellar, which had been put there to make vinegar, and, getting a straw, would suck all the cider he wanted, play awhile, then go back for more. The taste thus acquired in almost infancy led him on step by step to drinking alcoholic liquors of all kinds, and finally he died a drunkard.

So again let us urge upon you all to beware of the first wrong step. Drinking, smoking, and chewing are all bad habits that may prevent you from becoming "pure and undefiled," and, if indulged in too freely, unfit you for the heavenly kingdom.

The Study of the Scriptures.

THE late Dr. Corrie, Bishop of Madras, was so well aware of the power of single passages of Scripture, that it was his custom, when chaplain at Allahabad, to translate striking passages of Scripture into Hindoostanee, and having written them on small pieces of paper, to distribute the pieces every morning at his door.

Twenty years afterward he received a communication from a missionary at Allahabad with respect to a person who had recently died, and who on his death-bed had exhibited so much knowledge of the Scriptures, and so deep an impression of their importance, that he had the question put to him—

"How is it, my friend, that you are so well informed in the sacred Scriptures, since, according to your own account, you have never seen a missionary, nor had any one to teach you the way of salvation?"

The man put his hand behind his pillow, and drawing out a packet of well-worn and tattered bits of paper, answered,

"From these bits of paper, which a sahib distributed at his door, have I learned all. These papers, which I received twenty years ago, are passages of Scripture in the Hindoostanee language, and from them I have derived all the information on eternal things which I now possess."

Aunt Katie's Breakfast Party.

THE wind was blowing furiously one stormy morning, and the snow flying in all directions, playing "hide-and-go-seek" about the corners of the fences, the last time you would think of expecting company, to be sure, and yet, such a merry breakfast party as Aunt Katie had! How did it happen? and who, do you think, came first?

Little Mr. Sparrow with his mate! They had come to their summer home expecting pleasant weather, and being caught in the severe storm, were right glad to accept the unexpected invitation to breakfast. Then came aunts, and cousins, and other friends, the chick-a-dee, and a few robins, until there were thirty-seven in all!

Such a twittering as they made to one another as they ate, talking over family affairs I suppose, and telling each other how nice their breakfast tasted; but I did not hear one cross word, nor one unkind remark of any absent one! And then they sang so sweetly, although the wind ruffled their feathers, and sometimes blew them over in the snow; and their little feet were so cold with no shoes or stockings. Not one word of complaining, though they had to stand much of the time on one foot, while the other was snuggled up under their warm feathers; but just as happy they seemed, and just as thankful, as if the June sun were shining, and the June roses and dandelions blooming about them.

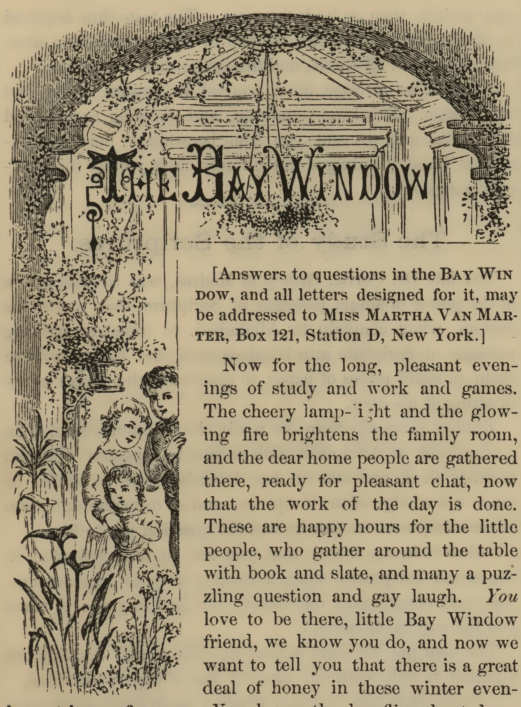
A beautiful sight it was to see them on the feathery snow; cheery sounds were the sweet notes of that bird concert, and a pleasant lesson did Aunt Katie learn, which she hopes never to forget: to be grateful for the common blessings, and to be cheerful when things seem dark and unpleasant. Will not my little friends try to remember the lesson too?

A Bible Baked.

IN these days, when a complete copy of the Scriptures can be bought for a few cents, and when all men may read them without fear, it is strange to look back on the times when a Bible was only within the reach of a few, or when to own one was forbidden. Many have been the means resorted to in time of trouble to keep the precious books. It is recorded that during one of the persecutions which raged in Bohemia, all who possessed Bibles were called upon to give them up.

One woman, in order to save the family copy, placed it in the middle of some dough and baked it. When the search was made, no Bible was found in the house; but after all danger was past, the loaf was broken open and the book taken out, uninjured, from its hiding-place.

THE fountain of salvation is always open; you may take of its waters freely.



[Answers to questions in the BAY WINDOW, and all letters designed for it, may be addressed to MISS MARTHA VAN MARTER, Box 121, Station D, New York.]

Now for the long, pleasant evenings of study and work and games. The cheery lamp-light and the glowing fire brightens the family room, and the dear home people are gathered there, ready for pleasant chat, now that the work of the day is done. These are happy hours for the little people, who gather around the table with book and slate, and many a puzzling question and gay laugh. *You* love to be there, little Bay Window friend, we know you do, and now we want to tell you that there is a great deal of honey in these winter evenings at home for you. You know the bee flies about, busy all the day, in searching for the honey that is his life, and so if you want to find the food you need to make you strong and wise, you must *look* for it. Make up your mind that you will look for the honey in good books during these long winter evenings. Ask some of your older friends to tell you of some book from which you may get something really useful, and then set yourself to work to get it. Be on the look-out for the honey in the home talk. Many and many a thing you will hear that will be new to you. Store it up in your mind to think about, to read about, to ask questions about. Do not let this honey season pass without laying up a good supply in your brain cells! It will keep, and it will make your life richer and stronger and sweeter.

And now you will be glad to hear from some of the little Bay Window correspondents. This is a circle that is growing larger all the time, and that is something that makes us glad.

The little girl who made the Acrostic you will find in another column, says: "If all children are like me, they will like to see passages of Scripture in the ADVOCATE. When I read them there, I like to turn to the chapters and read them. It is my greatest desire that I may be a good child here, and when I die go to dwell with God and angels."

How many of our readers will try Anna's way with the Acrostic? We think it is a very nice way, and hope a great many will try it.

Louisa A. Hill writes from Otisco Valley; she says, "I have seen the letters in the Bay Window and I like to read them. I am nine years old. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday and always try to have my lesson. Excuse mistakes, as this is my first letter."

We hope you will write again, some time, and that then we shall see by your letter that you have been studying hard. We know that you want to learn, and you have already made a good beginning in your education for so young a girl. You must remember that the best time to learn is in your young days.

Florence E. Harrison says, "*Dear Bay Window*, I am ten years old. I have three brothers and one sister. We all go to Sunday-school, except baby brother. I have a kind teacher and love to go. Please do not throw this in the waste basket."

Little girls who love to go to Sunday-school always seem to have kind teachers. Why is this? Perhaps the little girls have more to do with it than they know. Who can tell but the pupil's interest and love act upon the teacher, as well as the teacher's kindness upon the pupil. It certainly pays to show our friends that we love them for their love and desire to do us good.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I seat myself to tell you that I take the ADVOCATE. I am eleven years old. I belong to the Church. I joined last February. I have two little brothers and one sister. They are all younger than myself. I had a little sister ten months old who died the first day of this month. I want to live a good Christian so that I can meet her in heaven. Yours truly, MINNIE TALLANDER."

Do you know, Minnie, that Jesus calls his followers lights in the world? You have your little light to keep burning clearly and steadily. Let your brothers and sister see it. Let your schoolmates see it in your kind, helpful ways as well as words, and let them all feel that your light is the light of heaven. This is a great work for a little girl, but none too great, if you have the dear Lord himself for your friend and helper.

"*Dear Bay Window:* We have just started a Sunday-school up here and we get the dear ADVOCATE. I want to sign the pledge. In the pledge forbidding cruelty to animals would it be breaking it to set poison for flies? Please answer. ANNA L. HELMKE."

Perhaps, Anna, it is cruelty to animals to let flies live and multiply. If we set poison to kill them just for sport, that would be wrong; but since they are a great pest and cause annoyance and trouble, it cannot be wrong to get rid of them. We are glad to have you ask the question, for it shows that you think what you are doing.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I have not been acquainted with the ADVOCATE very long, but I like it very much. I like its nice pledge so much that I wish to join the L. L. I am trying with God's help to be a Christian. I love Jesus and want to serve him with all my heart. OVIE KATLINE."

That is the *happy* way, dear child, to serve Jesus "*with all the heart*," and indeed, it is the only right way.

Addie Sanford loves the Bay Window, the children's letters, and the puzzles. We are glad to hear even a little word from Addie, and hope that she will always count herself among the friends of the ADVOCATE.

Nellie A. Green says: "I have no brothers or sisters, but I have a papa and a mamma and a dear good God to show me the way to heaven."

Rich Nellie! We are so glad that you have such riches! Nellie also hopes that Mary H. P——, will meet her brother some day, and says, "Please tell Cora Jackson when she learns to make Graham Gems to teach me how." Cora, surely, will not fail to grant this favor to her little friend who wants to begin early to learn the beautiful art of good housekeeping.

PUZZLE BOX.

EASY ENIGMA.

I am composed of fourteen letters. My 3, 11, 9, 13, 14, is what we should all hope to wear. My 10, 4, 5, 13, is a kind of bird. My 6, 1, 2, 13, is seen in winter. My 12, 8, is a preposition. My 7, is a consonant. My whole is a motto which we should all remember. JESSIE NOBLE.

SQUARE WORD.

1. Is the shape of an egg. 2. Sin or wickedness. 3. A measure. 4. To sneer or scoff. NANNIE EYESTONE.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.

My first is in corn, but not in rye,
My second is in laugh, but not in cry;
My third is in idiot, but not in fool,
My fourth is in science, but not in rule;
My fifth is in play, but not in toy,
My sixth is in girl, but not in boy;
My seventh is in good, but not in best,
My whole is a city in the West.

RUTH WOODVILLE.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

S. R. V. N. T. I. H. M. N. I. H. U. A. A. S.

WILL BRAINARD.

CHARADE.

My first is a domestic animal. My second a definite article. My third is much used by barbers. My whole is a place for burying the dead. MATTIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN ADVOCATE OF SEPT. 13.

Very Easy Enigma: God is love. Hidden Acrostic: Esther. Changed Finals: 1. Curb-t. 2. Care-t. 3. Tart-e. 4. Beau-r. Drop-letter Puzzle: "A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself." Enigma: "There is no place like home."

Complete sets of answers have been received from A. L. Gillespie.

For-give-ness.

HE that over-cometh evil with good gains three vic-to-ries at once: he over-comes Satan, his ene-mies, and him-self.

To have the cour-age to take no no-tice of an in-ju-ry is to be even with our ene-my; to for-give it, to be a-bove him.

A lit-tle boy be-ing ask-ed what for-give-ness is, gave the beau-ti-ful an-swer, "It is the odor that flow-ers breathe when they are tram-pled up-on."

WE have a good and gen-tle Lord,
Who gives us work to do;
And to the young-est comes the call,
"The Lord hath need of you."

Both Hands.

A VER-Y lit-tle boy reach-ed out to take a large or-ange that a la-dy offer-ed him, but his hand was not big e-nough to hold it. His broth-er, stand-ing by, said, "Take *both* hands, Ar-ty," and Ar-ty took both hands and car-ried off the or-ange eas-i-ly. Why, isn't that a good way, boys and girls? If you find some-thing too large for you, take hold with both hands. Of course you can't do that if one hand is full, but one hand should not be full when you come to your work. "One thing at a time," is a safe rule. Give your whole mind to your work, and you will suc-ceed. Take hold with a will, and let it be seen that when you each out to grasp a thing you do not mean to fail.

Script-ure A-cros-tic.

G–o thy way, Dan-i-el. Dan. 12. 7.
O– Lord, to thee will I cry. Jo-el 1. 17.
D–raw thee wa-ters for the siege. Nah. 3. 14.

B–ut they re-fused to heark-en. Zech. 7. 11.
L–et the hea-then be wak-en-ed. Jo-el 3. 12.
E–ph-ra-im is joined to i-dols. Hos. 4. 17.
S–eek good and not e-vil. A-mos 5. 14.
S–ing, O daughter of Zi-on. Zeph. 3. 14.

O– Lord, be gra-cious un-to us. Isa. 33. 2.
U–p, get you out of this place. Gen. 17. 14.
R–e-joice ye with Je-ru-sa-lem. Isa. 66. 10.

H–ear the word of the Lord. Ezek. 20. 47.
O– ye that dwell in Mo-ab. Jer. 48. 28.
M–an-y shall run to and fro. Dan. 12. 9.
E–x-e-cute true judg-ment. Zech. 7. 9.

AN-NA NYE.

Wal-let and All.

A FEW years ago the wri-ter was sup-port-ed by the chil-dren, and so they call-ed him Chil-dren's Min-is-ter. They seem-ed to en-joy the con-tri-bu-tion-day as much as any. Their turn came at Ma-gog Lake, and they were on hand. The house was full. Pa-rents and chil-dren came, and a hap-py day it was. When the con-tri-bu-tion–box was com-ing round, one black-eyed boy kept close watch with one hand in his pock-et. And when it came near e-nough, the boy jump-ed up and threw in wal-let and all.

When the dea-con got round he went to the boy and, whis-per-ing, said: "How much money did you in-tend to put in?" The boy an-swer-ed so dis-tinct-ly that he was heard all around: "Give him all he wants."

[Entered at the Post-office at New York, N. Y., as second-class matter.]

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

Published simultaneously at New York and Cincinnati on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month.

Subscriptions may commence with April, July, October, or January. But *all* subscriptions must expire with *September* or *March*. Those commencing with *April* or *October* may run *six* or *twelve* months. Those commencing with *July* or *January* may run *three* or *nine* months.

TERMS—*per annum:* Six copies or over to one address, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS each. Less than six copies, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS each. This includes the postage, which the publishers are obliged to prepay.

Orders may be sent to PHILLIPS & HUNT, 805 Broadway, New York; HITCHCOCK & WALDEN, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis; J. P. MAGEE, Boston; H. H. OTIS, Buffalo; J. HORNER, Pittsburgh; J. B. HILL, San Francisco, Cal.; Rev. J. B. M'CULLOUGH, Philadelphia; PERKINPINE & HIGGINS, Philadelphia; D. H. CARROLL, Baltimore.

All communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor, Rev. J. H. VINCENT, 805 Broadway, New York, Box 121, Station D.